

NEWBERN WEEKLY PROGRESS.

A CHEAP NEWSPAPER FOR THE MILLION--SINGLE COPIES \$1.50; TO CLUBS OF TEN, ONLY \$1.25; AND TO CLUBS OF TWENTY, ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR--INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME II.

NEWBERN, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 6, 1860.

NUMBER 24.

WEEKLY PROGRESS.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 2, 1860.

Editorial of Advertising in the Weekly Progress.

The following are the only rates of Advertising in the Weekly Progress, to all save those who contract by the year and advertise in both weekly and daily papers:

One square (12 lines minimum) one insertion, \$1.00. Subsequent insertions, each, 50 cents.

Any number of squares will be charged in proportion. All advertisements marked (if not for sale) will be continued till ordered out and charged as above.

LOCAL COLUMN.—Notices of a legitimate business character will be inserted in this column at 10 cents a line.

Consecration of a Church.

A new and very neat church edifice, (St. Mary's Episcopal), was consecrated at Kingston on yesterday by Bishop Atkinson, assisted by Rev. A. A. Watson and Rev. W. C. Hunter. Bishop Atkinson passed through last evening on his way to Beaufort, and will return, we learn, on Saturday and preach here on Saturday evening and also on Sunday.

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURERS.—There has been much said in the public journals of the country recently, and much, no doubt, will be said, this summer on political stump south of the Potomac, on the subject of Southern Institutions, and the necessity of establishing Southern Manufactures; but our Newbernians are speaking in the language, which alone can bend the public mind into the proper channel and bring about the desired result—namely, that the independence of the South is not to be made a mere slogan, but a reality, and that making long series of high sounding resolutions, has gone to work to produce some of the most common articles of home consumption. For instance, Dr. Ormiston has been manufacturing a splendid article of soap for several months, which we are glad to say is now being extensively sold not only by the merchants of Newbern, but by those of many other towns in our State. This soap is said, by those who have tested its qualities, to be equal if not superior to Northern soap of its class. Dr. Ormiston, if sufficiently encouraged, will extend his business so as to supply any given quantity and at New York prices.

Mr. S. E. Street has made arrangements to manufacture writing ink in quantities sufficient to supply the entire South. He placed upon his desk, recently, a bottle of very fine looking blue ink which he warrants to be a very superior article, and not to be equalled in our country. We have not tried it yet, but to our appearance, we have no doubt it will prove to be equal to its recommendation. Other manufacturing establishments are being constructed for the manufacture of similar articles, which will be no small thing in due time. The question is, will the people sustain these men in their laudable undertakings? We shall see.

SHAD FISHING.—We understand that shad are quite plenty about Kingston at 40 cents a pair. A quantity were brought down on the train last night to Newbern for sale. This looks a little awkward, Newbern, heretofore, has had a pretty good reputation as a fish market, but that reputation seems to be passing away, for we have not been able to buy a pair for less than 75 cents. On fish market, buyers have surely got the market trader twisted. Can't they straighten it?

WATCH HOUSE REPORTS.—Several negroes were before the Mayor's Court yesterday morning for loitering about the shop of a negro on Sunday last. They were fined \$2.00 and cost, which their masters paid rather than subject them to 20 lashes each, except one, who appealed to a higher court.

BY THE MAIL.

The Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania met at Reading on Wednesday.

The Mexicans still continue their outrages on the Rio Grande.

One thousand bales of cotton, \$50,000 worth, were destroyed in New Orleans on Wednesday, by fire.

The Republican Committee have changed the time for holding the Black Republican Convention at Chicago to nominate a candidate for the Presidency, to the 16th May.

The Legislature of Kansas has passed a bill abolishing slavery, over the Governor's veto, by a vote of 30 to 7.

CONGRESSIONAL.

WASHINGTON, Feb 29

SENATE.

The lobbies and galleries were crowded to-day in anticipation of Seward's speech.

The Pension bill was passed, and Seward commenced orating about half past one.

HOUSE.

The Kansas Legislature resolutions relative to the admission of Kansas as a State, was deferred.

Mr. Russell's name not having been recorded in the vote for printer, which was cast for Glossburner, the journal was amended, and the election of Ford, of Ohio, was annulled.

One unsuccessful vote was then taken for printer, and the subject was postponed.

RECORDS OF THE DAY.

WASHINGTON, Feb 29.—Mr. Mason introduced a resolution, in the Senate, calling for information relative to the troubles on the Rio Grande.

Mr. Seward spoke for three hours. He defined his position on the Kansas question.

Mr. Davis replied to Seward completely refuting his centralist doctrines.

Messrs Douglas and Trumbull followed. The subject was then postponed.

The House went into Committee on the Whole There were several speeches on various subjects.

SUPREME COURT.

By PEARSON, C. J. In *Hodges v. Little*, from Beaufort, affirming the judgment. In *Davis v. Warren*, from Johnston affirming the judgment. In *Morris v. Miller*, affirming the judgment. In *Shelton v. Shelton*, third case in equity, from Davie. In *Burner v. Lemly*, in equity, from Forsyth. In *Burner v. Lemly*, in equity, from Forsyth. In *Burner v. Lemly*, in equity, from Forsyth.

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FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SALISBURY, N. C., Feb. 27th, 1860.

Editor of the Progress:—Having ever possessed a love for the beautiful in nature, and the magnificent in art, I have consequently been induced to attempt that beyond my reach, viz: that of clothing my thoughts in the flowing language of poetry. Having recently made some futile attempts at poetizing I have finally concluded that only the love and not the gift of the "divine afflatus" Pegasus would not so obstinately refuse to ascend to the "Helicon fount," and strike with his magic hoof the chimæra rocks which become vocal at his bidding. So I have suddenly descended to the vale of plain prose, feeling that the wreath of bright rays will never encircle my brow. Now as I fear I do not feel a high degree of self satisfaction, I may perhaps say some ill-natured things. I will, however, endeavor to speak truthfully and with as little irony as possible. I never like to offend when it can be avoided, though sometimes, woman-like, I do love to retaliate even to the wicked degree of taking the conceit out of some folks. Now all the world, I don't mean the four quarters of the globe, Oceania making the fifth, as I once heard a little boy say, but I employ the term in its restricted sense as certain commentators of the present day. All the world there have heard of Salisbury, but the half of its glory has not been told. You, Mr. Editor, have visited it in your peregrinations; it's a great thoroughfare, they say, I dare say it is, since the railroad has opened a channel of communication with the rest of mankind. But somehow to my mind it looks like an old sun-dial that has long been overgrown with moss and quite concealed from view by trees grown luxuriant with time, and the spirit of this progressive age has come along and cleared away some of the rubbish and lopped off the superabundant boughs of verdure, and brought out its grey visage like another Rip Van Winkle after a long nap. But the decalogue compels one to speak truth despite prejudice. You have undoubtedly gazed with admiring eyes upon the splendor of its architectural beauties displayed in the grace and elegance of its private mansions, the magnificence of its churches all in the composite style; the imposing grandeur of its hotels, its pleasant streets presenting a long perspective of brick pavements of course, over which crisscross and the flowing trains of fairy creatures sweep with irrepressible signs of impending ruin; from we don't say what, of course not mud; oh! no; our commissioners expend too much money on our streets for that, besides their appearance indicates the absurdity of the bare surmise. Our promenades are all fine, and beautifully illuminated until 9 or 10 o'clock by the bright flashing gas lamps, which then modestly yields to fair Cynosure's reign who kindly leads the pedestrian over dubious ways to the quiet circle of home. Of course home is his destination, for in this moral town we shall surely find no haunts of vice, no sinks of iniquity, no places of wicked resort to tempt the lords of creation from their allegiance to home. The subdued light of the ominous transparency marks not the spot where under cover of midnight darkness the rotary of Bacchus and the devotee of sinful pleasure may unseen hold mad orgies with the drunken god or follow unrestrained by reproving eyes his voluptuous inclination. Our young men and our old men too are proverbially moral, faithfully discharging the duties growing out of the several relations of life. We have no moral Blue Boards, no unhappy wives; there are no tears shed in secret here, all hearts are filled with sunshine and why should it not be so, as we each one love our neighbor as ourselves, and know more of their affairs than our own, and practice daily the golden rule; and if perchance there should be suffering among us, if someone should want food, or possibly be destitute of the many comforts that we enjoy, are we to blame? Are we not a charitable people, do we not care for the souls of the poor and see that a regular system of colportage under the direction of tract societies shall go on among us, and golden sentiments dropped in the dwellings of the outcast, while the squalid filth of their thresholds is swept by the flowing train of some angel of mercy, not in the plain garb of the despised sisters, but in all the rich adornments of some Peri of fashion. I'll assure you, Mr. Editor, our town is all that an energetic, public spirited, intelligent and classic people could make it, and bears unmistakable marks of genius and taste everywhere.

"We have no spoonies nor pumps," our guests are all noble fellows, truly cavalier from the crown to the toes, don't stand behind goods boxes and in covert places when the rustle of a woman's robe is heard, to see if an unwarrantable display of nature and art's adornments may be seen; or they boldly come forth and like the courier of old would cast their robes for tiny feet to pass over if permitted. We never commit any absurdities, but are a very sensible people. Very careful to preserve among us a precious spirit of lionizing and diligently enquire into the state of finances before tendering our respect or admiration and sometimes require a whole genealogical table as a sufficient passport to our august society. Indeed we are careful to render "honor to whom honor is due, tribute to whom tribute," and for this purpose keep up some very rational customs, have a well organized band of music for the purpose of serenading all the sagacious men and women who run their heads in the matrimonial noose, particularly editors, as we think they are peculiarly entitled to our respect; if we do sometimes fail to patronize their papers or pay for them when we do. And of course we expect them to say all possible good things of us, to compliment our men and women, and to tell us that our town is ahead of all others in the State. That's right, Mr. Editor, give us compliments by the wholesale, we like them, and in exchange may send you an advertisement, marriage notice, or perchance a piece of wedding cake for the sake of seeing our names in your paper.

LILLIAN.

Early Recollections.

To Miss E. J. H.—of Newbern.

How like the pensive strain of some familiar old song, will the recollections of our early days steal upon us. I was thinking to day as I sat in my window—watching the trees as they were away by the wind—of the days of my childhood, those happy days when I was unconscious of the troubles and sorrows of life, and as I sat and pondered memory wandered back to the time when I first left the lumdrum and noise of town, to become a resident of the country. Ah! those were happy days that I spent at Elm Grove.

Well do I remember the old farm house with its long piazza fronting the river and 'neath whose roof I have sat many an hour at night watching the stars as they twinkled away up above—thinking of the time when I should become a man and drawing bright pictures and visions of the far off future—and oftentimes during the long summer evenings how I sat in its shade—with the cool breeze fanning my brow—and watch'd the vesels with their spotless sails, gliding like huge white wing'd birds over the rippling waters of the river—how many pleasant and joyous reminiscences come crowding back on my memory at the recollection of that dear old river. Methinks I can see it now—just as it looked, when I used to sit, at eventide, on the steps of the old Mill that stood at the foot of the lane—and watch its bright waters rolling away to the sea, or listen to the murmur of the wavelets, breaking on the pebbly shore, making music more soothing than the æolian harp—or at other times have I stood on the bank, when the *Storm-God* was abroad on the face of the deep—the wild winds howling and shrieking in their fury—and the waters one broad sheet of seething foam—aye—a grand and sublime sight was it to stand and see the waves madly chasing each other over that tract of raging, hissing waters. But there are other recollections connected with my visit to Elm Grove, recollections that came floating back like the remembrance of some pleasant dream; well do I remember my first visit to the little log school house with its rows of rough, unpainted seats, stained with blots of ink and carved with rude initials; and the wooden pegs nailed to the wall on which was suspended the dinner baskets of those who lived too far to return home at noon, and the scholars too, how well I remember them all, from the tall, ungainly plow boy, to the little flaxen haired girl of five summers. Since those days I have often wondered of the future destiny of those boys and girls and no one knows but that under the sunburnt brow of some of them, there may have throbbed a brain which if properly cultivated and directed, would have made them an ornament to our country and a brilliant light in the galaxy of literature. But my thoughts recur to the old school house again and to the kind old teacher, whose pleasant manners rendered him beloved by all who knew him, and how in the evenings when the duties of the day were over he would accompany us home through the woods beguiling our way with anecdotes of his earlier days; they were very pleasant, those strolls through the grand old forest, listening to the singing of the birds and the sighing of the wind in the tree tops, and in the Autumn months, when the leaves were brown and sere, we would wander away through the woods in search of nuts to crack around the fire-side or gather the bunches of purple grapes that hang in each profusion around us; sometimes we would linger until twilight had thrown its dusky mantle over the earth, and the little stars would come out, one by one; at such an hour a tinge of sadness would rest upon the features of our dear old teacher, as he would stand gazing at the "star lit dome," thinking, I suppose of the time when he too, like ourselves was a merry, light-hearted schoolboy, and now as I think of it, how forcibly the beautiful words of the poet come to mind—

And thus in memory's bark we shall glide, To visit the scenes of our boyhood made, Though old we may be, looking down on the tide The wreck of full many a hope shining through; Yet still as in fancy we think to the flowers That once made a garden of all the gay shore, Received for a moment, we'll think them still ours, And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

How true those words, and there is nothing more pleasant than to let memory wander back through the dim vistas of the past, and bring up little incidents connected with our childhood days, and amongst all the recollections of my boyhood there is none more precious to me than the memory of a moment, we'll think them still ours, and breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

Invocation to Spring.

BY MRS. SUSAN J. HANCOCK.

Come, oh! come, on balmy wing,
Flora, gentle queen of Spring;
On thy flower-laden car,
From the cinnamon laden afar:
Breathe upon the icy streams,
Thaw them from their wintry dreams,
Wake the warblers of the grove,
Tune anew their notes of love.
Smile upon the frozen earth,
Calling bird and blossom forth;
Spread o'er the woods a leafy sheen,
Carpet all the hills with green.
Set the bubbling brooks aflow,
Singing over as they go.
Fringe the firs with moss and fern,
Where the turtle dove doth mourn.
Sprinkle perfume on the bowers,
Gathered from a thousand flowers;
Sweetest season in the year
Give a smile and then a tear.
In the dell the violets start,
Fill their fairy cups with dew;
Hang the berry's snowy wreath
O'er the rustic hedge beneath,
Where the water lilies bloom,
And the sweet flag leaves to grow.
Come, oh! come, no longer stay,
Hasten on thy flowery way;
Too long has winter held us clasp'd
In his cold and icy grasp.
Brush the snow from off the hill,
Tie the pond down by the mill,
Cot the half-torn hedge in bloom,
Deck the heath in sedge and brown;
Trail the jasmine o'er the steep
Where the sparkling waters leap;
And the finny tribes at play
Shine like silver 'mid the spray.
We long to hear the bee's low hum,
The grasshopper's chirp and beetle's drum,
And see the laughing children play
Among the wilding flowers of May.
Then come, oh! silvery cloud, Spring, gentle queen,
And throw o'er the meadow a network of green,
Where butter cups, daisies and cowslips so sweet
With starry eyed primrose and snow drop shall meet.

SELECTED POETRY.

Mother, Where is Sister!

BY R. E. R.

Child,
Mother, where is sister dear—her smiles I used to see,
Her loving look of kindness, oft filled my heart with glee;
She used to teach me how to read, and kiss my gentle brow—
But tell me, tell me, mother dear, oh! where is sister now?
You said one night, when I was sleeping, "she closed her lovely eyes,
And Angels came enrob'd in white and bore her to the skies,"
But why should they, dear mother, keep my sister long away?
I know she now is tired, too, and longs with me to play.
Oh! tell them mother, just to bring my sister to me now,
I want to see her laughing smiles and kiss her marble brow!
I used to see her kneeling at night, and whisper sweet in prayer,
While those fond loving eyes of hers would bear the trace of care.
But now, alas! she's gone from me—soon death shall press my brow,
Oh! tell me, tell me, mother dear, oh! where is sister now?
She used to take me oft to walk in summer's joyous hours,
And teach my little dimpled hands to pluck the gentle flowers;
She used to skip with me so gay, and play upon the lawn—
But tell me, tell me, mother dear, oh! where has sister gone?

THE COOPER TOE!

A New Era in Domestic Economy!

It is well known that Children and Youth usually wear out their boots and shoes at least four or five weeks—sometimes in a few days. Buy them the *Cooper Toe!* and you will save long and tedious trips to the shoe store, and the expense of supplying your children with new shoes.

This invention enables us to offer to the public Boots and Shoes, that

Never Wear Out at the Toe.

We have hundreds of Testimonials from parents who have bought them, showing that on the average, one pair of Shoes with the *Cooper Toe*, will last twice as long as those without it.

This statement is made with entire confidence in its strict truth, as it is based on a careful examination of the Facts, in an experience of more than two years, which have proved the *Cooper Toe* to be as long as the old style, and as the cost is but a Trifle more, the importance of this invention to all having little feet to protect, will at once be seen.

This invention is also important as a protection against the cutting of the *Prairie Grasses*, also for *Miners* and *Plantation* use, and all occupations where the toes of the Boots or Shoes are particularly liable to be cut or worn.

CHASE, McKINNEY & MOORS,
Owners of Patent.
For Sale by the Dealers Generally.
Feb 21 w

NEWBERN AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM H. OLIVER & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS

and dealers in every variety of

Agricultural Implements, Castings,

Fertilizers, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Marble Dust and

Hair, Builders' Hardware, Iron and Steel, Nails, Iron

Axes, Coopers', Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools,

Leather and Rubber Banding, Packing, Paints, Oils,

Brushes, Pot Ware, Kerosene, Gunburgs, Blankets,

Shoes and Hats.

Rope, Canvas and Blocks;

Double-Clutch Gins, Anti-Friction Rollers,

Cotton Ploughs and Saws, Cotton

Hoes, Cotton Baggings and Rope.

Particular attention given to the *Cooper Toe* and other Patent, Liberal Cash Advances

made on consignment. A supply of Reese's Phospho-

perian or Manipulated GUANO, constantly on hand.

Newbern, Jan 31 wml9

Pitt County Female Institute.

The first Session of this school will open on Tuesday the 10th of January, 1860, under the superintendence of Edwin G. Moore, A. B., assisted by competent instructors.

English including higher Mathematics, \$13.00

Primary Branches, 10.00

Latin, Greek, or French, each extra, 5.00

Music, with use of instrument, 20.00

Board, exclusive of lights and fuel, per month, 8.00

The school is located near Marlboro, on the Green-

wood River, and is a healthy, moral, and intelligent com-

munity; no pains will be spared to secure the health and comfort of the pupils, while their moral improve-

ment will be secured for as well as their mental ad-

vancement.

Board and tuition will be required one half in advance and the balance at the end of the term. Sin-

gulars will be charged from the time of entrance, and no deduction will be made unless in case of pro-

tracted illness.

For further particulars, address the Principal, or

Marlboro, N. C., Dec. 13, 1859-w3m

To the Citizens of Craven and adjoining Counties.

The undersigned, respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Craven and adjoining counties, as a surveyor and leveler.

He is the oldest established house in the country, and is known world-wide as the original "Evans & Co's Gift Bookstore."

Many have taken the advantage of our popularity to imitate our style, and we are not unacquainted with them; we would state that we have no connection with any other Gift Bookstore, and though many advertise under the name of Evans & Co., the firm constituted by D. W. EVANS and J. H. PRESTON, is the first and only concern right in using the name, and to prevent all confusion in the future, we shall use the words of Evans & Co., 677 Broadway, New York.

June 9 wly

COURT OF Pleas and Quarter Sessions.

CRAVEN COUNTY, December Term, 1859.

In the matter of *Hiser v. Richardson*, exhibited for Probate, in open Court, a paper writing purporting to be the last will and testament of *John Richardson*, dec'd.

On motion it is ordered that citations issue to Mary E. Scott, David P. Scott, Wesley Gray, William C. Hunter, Joseph Murphy, Mary Ann, Martha J. Van and Margaret R. Sullivan; and if further appearing to the Court that *Francis Green*, *Margaret W. Becher*, *Edwin Hunter* and *William R. Sullivan* reside beyond the limits of this State, it is ordered that publication be made in the *Newbern Progress* for said *Francis Green*, *Margaret W. Becher*, *Edwin Hunter* and *William R. Sullivan*, to appear at the next Term of this Court, and see, proceedings in regard to probate of said will, and make themselves parties to an issue if they think proper.

Witness *Wm. M. C. Bryan*, Clerk of said Court, at Newbern, this 25th day of January, A. D. 1860.

Jan 31 wml9

A YARN FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale his Plantation, in the county of Jones, lying on Trent River, six miles above Trenton. It contains four hundred acres, in good repair, and necessary buildings, and all nearly new. Terms made easy.

Feb. 29, 1860. dtw34

Democratic Press copy 3 times.

W. H. C. WHITFIELD.

DE FOREST, ARMSTRONG & CO.

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS.

50 & 52 Chambers Street, New York.

Would notify the trade that they are opening weekly, in new and beautiful patterns, the

W A S U T A P R I N T S,

AMUSKEAG.

A new Print, which exceeds every Print in the country for perfection of execution and design in full madder colors. Our Prints are cheaper than any in market, and meeting with extensive sale.

Orders promptly attended to.

Jan 31 wly

TOILET ARTICLES.

German Cologne in long, short and wicker bottles.

Levander Water.

Bay Rum, superior.

Lubin's Extracts, in great variety.

Tooth, Hair and Nail Brushes, large assortment.

Dressing Combs.

Toilet Bottles.

Pomades and Ox Marrow.

Hair Dye.

Hair Restoratives and Dressings.

Soaps, &c., &c.

JAS. W. CARMER, Druggist

Nov 22 w

White Lead, Lime, Paint in Oil and Varnish.

Chromes, Exon and Imperial Green, Verdigris, Umber, Terra de Silex, French Ultramarine, Indigo, Temper and Dry, French Liquid Dye, Coach, Copal, Japan and Danish Varnish, Artists' Colors in Oil-soluble Tubes, Brushes in great variety, Mineral Paint &c., &c., for sale by

JAS. W. CARMER.

Nov 22 w

JONATHAN WHALEY.

CLOCK & WATCH MAKER.

Keeps constantly on hand an excellent assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

And will repair and clean all watches, and examine his Stock.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired with neatness and dispatch, on the most reasonable terms.

JONATHAN WHALEY.

Craven Street, Newbern, N. C.

Oct 5, 1859-w12m

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